

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong  
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;  
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

*Isab.* So you must be y first that giues this sentence,  
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent  
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous  
To vse it like a Giant.

*Luc.* That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder  
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,  
For euery pelting petty Officer  
Would vse his heauen for thunder;  
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,  
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt  
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,  
Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,  
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
(His glasseie Essence) like an angry Ape  
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,  
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,  
Would all themselves laugh mortall.

*Luc.* Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,  
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.

*Pro.* Pray heauen she win him.

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,  
Great men may test with Saints: tis wit in them,  
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.

*Luc.* Thou'rt it right (Girle) more o'that.

*Isab.* That in the Capitaine's but a cholericke word,  
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.

*Luc.* Art auid o'that? more on't.

*Ang.* Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?

*Isab.* Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,  
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe  
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,  
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know  
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse  
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought vpon your tongue  
Against my brothers life.

*Ang.* Shee speaks, and 'tis such sence  
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

*Isab.* Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

*Ang.* I will berhinke me: come againe to morrow.

*Isa.* Hark, howlle bribe you; good my Lord turn back.

*Ang.* How? bribe me?

*Isa.* I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.

*Luc.* You had mar'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,  
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore  
As fancie values them; but with true prayers,  
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there  
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserued foules,  
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate  
To nothing temporall.

*Ang.* Well: come to me to morrow.

*Luc.* Goe to: 'tis well; away.

*Isab.* Heauen keepe your honour safe.

*Ang.* Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers crosse.

*Isab.* At what hower to morrow,  
Shall I attend your Lordship?

*Ang.* At any time fore-noone.

*Isab.* Save your Honour.

*Ang.* From thee: euen from thy vertue.  
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?  
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?  
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,  
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,  
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,  
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,  
That Modesty may more betray our Sence  
Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,  
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary  
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:  
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?  
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things  
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:  
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,  
When Iudges steale themselves: what, doe I loue her,  
That I desire to heare her speake againe?  
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?  
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,  
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous  
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on  
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet  
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature  
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid  
Subdues me quite: Euer till now  
When men were fond, I smile, and wondred how. *Exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Duke and Prouost.*

*Duke.* Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.

*Pro.* I am the Prouost: whats your will, good Friar?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my blest order,  
I come to visite the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison: doe me the common right  
To let me see them: and to make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly.

*Pro.* I would do more then that, if more were needfull

*Enter Juliet.*

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,  
Who falling in the flaws of her owne youth,  
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,  
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,  
More fit to doe another such offence,  
Then dye for this.

*Duke.* When must he dye?

*Pro.* As I do thinke to morrow.

I haue provided for you, stay a while  
And you shall be conducted.

*Duke.* Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

*Jul.* I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

*Duke.* He teach you how you shal araign your conscience  
And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

*Jul.* He gladly learne.

*Duke.* Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

*Jul.* Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

*Duke.* So then it seemes your most offence full act  
Was mutually committed.

*Jul.* Mutually.

*Duke.* Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.

*Jul.* I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

*Duke.* 'Tis

*Duke.* 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,  
Which sorrow is, alwaies toward our selues, not heauen,  
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,  
But as we stand in feare.  
*Jul.* I doe repent me, as it is an euill,  
And take the shame with ioy.

*Duke.* There rest:  
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him:  
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite*, *Exit.*

*Jul.* Must die to morrow? oh iniurious *Loue*!  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror.

*Pro.* 'Tis pittie of him, *Exit.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Angelo.*

*Ang.* When I would pray, & thinke, I thinke, and pray  
To severall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,  
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,  
Anchors on *Isabell*: heauen in my mouth,  
As if I did but onely chew his name,  
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill  
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied  
Is like a good thing, being often read  
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie  
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,  
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume  
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit  
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser foules  
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,  
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne  
'Tis not the Deuills Crest: how now? who's there?

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires access to you.

*Ang.* Teach her the way: oh, heauens  
Why doe's my blood thus murther to my heart,  
Making both it vnable for it selfe,  
And dispossessing all my other parts  
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,  
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre  
By which hee should reuiue: and euen so  
The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King  
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse  
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue  
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid,

*Enter Isabell.*

*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure. (me,  
*Ang.* That you might know it, wold much better please  
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

*Isab.* Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.

*Ang.* Yet may he liue a while: and it may be

As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

*Isab.* Vnder your Sentence?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue  
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted  
That his foule sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha? sic, these filthy vices: It were as good

To pardon him, that  
A man already made,  
Their sawcie sweetne  
In stamps that are for  
Falsely to take away  
As to put mettle in  
To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'Tis set downe

*Ang.* Say you so?

Which had you rather

Now tooke your brother

Giue vp your body to

As she that he hath st

*Isab.* Sir, beleeue me

I had rather giue my

*Ang.* I talke not of

Stand more for number

*Isab.* How say you

*Ang.* Nay Ile not

Against the thing I sa

I (now the voyce of

Pronounce a sentence

Might there not be a

To saue this Brothers

*Isab.* Please you to

He take it as a perill to

It is no siene at all, but

*Ang.* Pleas'd you

Were equall poize of

*Isab.* That I do be

Heauen let me beare

If that be sin, Ile make

To haue it added to

And nothing of your

*Ang.* Nay, but hea

Your sence pursues no

Or seeme so crafty; a

*Isab.* Let be ignor

But graciously to kno

*Ang.* Thus wifdow

When it doth taxe it

Proclaime an en-shiel

Then beauty could di

To be receiued plaine

Your Brother is to dy

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offer

Accountant to the La

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no or

(As I subscribe not tha

But in the losse of que

Finding your selfe des

Whose credit with t

Could fetch your Bro

Of the all-building-L

No earthly meane to

You must lay downe t

To this supposed, or el

What would you doe

*Isab.* As much for

That is: were I vnder

Th'impression of keen

And strip my selfe to

That longing haue bir

My body vp to shame